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## ANDREW A. BOYLE

BY H. D. BARROWS.

In learning the life-story of many of the early English-speaking settlers of Los Angeles, as recounted to me by themselves, I have been struck with the infinite variety of adventures and dangers which they went through.

Many of the older members of this society, or those who lived here in the sixties or fifties, or before (of these latter, however, very few remain), well remember Andrew A. Boyle, that early Pioneer, after whom "Boyle Heights" was named. But not all of you, I presume, are aware of the fact that Mr. Boyle was one of the three or four men of Col. Fanning's unfortunate band of more than 400 Texas soldiers who escaped slaughter in the terrible tragedy at Goliad, Texas, in 1836.

Mr. Boyle was born in Ireland, county of Mayo, in 1818, eighty-two years ago. At the age of 14 years he came to New York. Two years later, he with his brothers and sisters went to Texas with a colony, which settled at San Patricio, on the Nueces river.

On the breaking out of the revolution, Texas then being a province of Mexico, Mr. Boyle enlisted January 7, 1836, in Westover's artillery of the Texan army, and his command was ordered to Goliad, where it was incorporated with the forces of Col. Fanning, and after sundry engagements with greatly superior numbers, the Texans were compelled to surrender. Mr. Boyle, who had been wounded, expected to be shot, as nearly all his comrades were, to the number of almost 400 men, notwithstanding the fact that by the terms of their capitulation they were guaranteed their lives. Mr. Boyle, who understood Spanish, learned that this was to be their fate, but before their execution an officer asked in English if there was any one among their number named Boyle, to which he answered at once that that was his name. He was immediately taken to the officers' hospital to have his wound attended to, where he was kindly treated by the officers.

A Mr. Brooks, aid to Col. Fanning, who was there at the time with his thigh badly shattered, knew nothing of what had

happened, or what was to be their fate, and upon being informed, he remarked, "I suppose it will be our turn next." In less than five minutes, four Mexican soldiers carried him out, cot and all, placed him in the street, not fifteen feet from the door, where Mr. Boyle could not help seeing him, and there shot him. His body was instantly rifled of a gold watch, stripped and thrown into a pit at the side of the street.

A few hours after the murder of Mr. Brooks, the officer who had previously inquired for Mr. Boyle, came into the hospital, and, addressing him in English, said: "Make your mind easy, sir; your life is spared."

Mr. Boyle responded, "May I inquire the name of the person to whom I am indebted for my life?"

"Certainly; my name is General Francisco Garay, second in command of General Urrea's division."

It seems that when Gen. Garay's forces had occupied San Patricio that officer had been quartered at the house of the Boyle family, and had been hospitably entertained. Mr. Boyle's brother and sister had refused all remuneration from him, only asking that if their younger brother, then in the Texan army, should ever fall into his hands he would treat him kindly. Afterward, by order of Gen. Garay, Mr. Boyle obtained a passport, and went to San Patricio, where he remained.

After the battle of San Jacinto and the capture of Gen. Santa Ana and the retreat of the Mexican forces, Gen. Garay, in passing through San Patricio, called to see Mr. Boyle, who, at the General's request, accompanied the latter to Matamoras. The General also invited Mr. Boyle to accompany him to the city of Mexico, but this invitation he was compelled to decline; and so he set out on foot for Brazos, Santiago, where he took passage on a brig for New Orleans. Being out of money and in rags on arriving at New Orleans, he engaged at \$2.50 a day in painting St. Mary's market. Working long enough to buy some clothes, he availed himself of the Texan Consul's offer of a free passage to the mouth of the Brazos river, where Gen. Burnett, the first President of the Republic of Texas, gave him a letter to Gen. Rusk, at that time in command of the army on the river Guadalupe.

Mr. Boyle walked to Gen. Rusk's camp, a distance of 150 miles. Gen. Rusk gave Mr. Boyle his discharge on account of impaired health. After recovering from a severe sickness, he went to Columbia, the seat of government of Texas, where he obtained a passport for New Orleans.

After his return to the latter city and the re-establishment of his health, he engaged in merchandizing on the Red river till about the year 1842.

In 1846 Mr. Boyle was married to Miss Elizabeth A. Christie at New Orleans. Miss Christie was a native of British Guiana; from whence, in 1838, her father brought his family to New Orleans. One daughter was born to this marriage, who is now the wife of Ex-Mayor William H. Workman. Mrs. Boyle died in New Orleans, October 20, 1849. This daughter (Mrs. Workman) was cared for and brought up by her great aunt, Charlotte Christie, who, at the age of over 80 years, died recently in this city, at the home of her foster-daughter.

Returning from the Red river, Mr. Boyle went to Mexico, where he engaged successfully in business till 1849, when he set out for the United States with about \$20,000 in Mexican silver dollars, which he had packed in a claret box. At the mouth of the Rio Grande, in passing a sidewheel steamer in a small skiff, his frail boat was upset, and his treasure sank to the bottom, and was a total loss, and he himself came near losing his life.

Mr. Boyle finally returned to his home in New Orleans, to find that his wife, who was in delicate health, had died two weeks before, from nervous shock and brain fever, caused by hearing that he had been lost at the mouth of the Rio Grande. From that time on, all his interest centered in his infant daughter, then a year and a half old.

The next year the family started for California via the isthmus, arriving in San Francisco in the early part of 1851. Here Mr. Boyle engaged in the boot and shoe business, but he was burned out by both of the fires that occurred that year.

In company with a Mr. Hobart, he then went into the wholesale boot and shoe business, and they built up a very large trade, which extended to Los Angeles and other coast towns. Among their customers in those years (1851-58) were Mr. Kremer, the late Mr. Polaski and others.

Mr. Boyle made the acquaintance of Don Mateo Keller in Texas and at Vera Cruz, Mexico, whither both went on trading expeditions in the early 40's. It was through the influence of Mr. Keller that Mr. Boyle was induced to sell out his interests in San Francisco and come to Los Angeles, which he did in 1858. Here he bought a vineyard (planted in 1835 by José Rubio) on the east side of the river, under the bluffs. Here he made his home, and in 1862 or '63 he commenced making

wine, and dug a cellar in which to store it, just under the edge of the bluff. Prior to 1862 he shipped his grapes to San Francisco, as did many other vineyardists here at that period, grapes then bringing high prices in that market. In the '50's and earlier, and before vineyards had been generally planted in the upper country, and during the flush mining era, grapes and other fruit commanded, at times, fabulous prices. Those who had bearing vineyards in Los Angeles at that period had a better thing than a gold mine or than oil wells.

Mr. Boyle was a valuable member of the City Council several years during the '60's. Mr. Boyle and Mr. George Dalton were the only members who, on the final vote, cast their ballots against the thirty years lease of the city's domestic water system to a private company. Mr. Boyle made a strong minority committee report against said lease, which we can now see, as we look back, was a prophetic document. If the city had followed Mr. Boyle's advice it would have saved millions of dollars and no end of vexatious and costly litigation.

Mr. Boyle was of a very genial, social nature, and all who visited his hospitable home were cordially received and entertained. I have only pleasant memories of my visits to the Boyle mansion during the lifetime of its former owner—as so many others in later years have of their visits to the present hospitable owners.

Down to the time of the death of Mr. Boyle, there were but few houses on the east side of the river, either in that beautiful suburb now known as "Boyle Heights" or in "East Los Angeles." Mr. Clemente lived on the flat near the river; the old John Behn place was south of Mr. Boyle, and the Bors mill and the Julian Chaves and Elijah Moulton places were further up the river, on the east side.

Perhaps I should add that General Garay, the savior of Mr. Boyle's life at Goliad, had been educated in the United States and that he spoke English perfectly, and that he keenly regretted the barbarous butchery of the disarmed Texans at Goliad, which, as he afterward told Mr. Boyle, would ever be looked upon as a blot and a disgrace on the Mexican name.